

# HUMBUG

OCT. 1958 VOLUME 1, NO.11 CDC 25¢

Waht  
is  
blak  
and  
wite  
and  
read  
all  
over  
?





PHOTO BY DENIS HILLIARD

**\*says ROGER PRICE  
doodler and raconteur**

"While I'm relaxing with friends . . . playing parlor games like Mad Libs or Spin the Bottle, I like to light up a Humbug. You can tell that Humbug is good by the even-burning ash of the Homogenized pages."

Gentlemen: I too would like to light up a HUMBUG. Please enter my subscription for the next 14 issues for which I am enclosing \$3.00.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

STREET \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Send to HUMBUG, 598 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y.





lifting. It was hard straining my eyes to find it on the newsstands . . .

— Norman Triglia Jr.  
New York, N. Y.

I hope your magazine won't be too adult for my cute little niece. She is 24 . . .

— Joanne Surasky  
Philadelphia, Pa.

### CRITICISM AND PRAISE

You are a disgrace to the entire satire magazine industry. You have used photographs! . . . I may sound harsh, but we like art, no photos. Please.

— Larry Weiss  
Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . I will laugh as loud and as long as anyone else when reading your magazine until you bring in religion and place it up to possible ridicule. I am Roman Catholic by religion and two things I saw in your magazine I DID NOT LIKE. One, the drawing of the monk and second, the drawing of the Holy See. These were apparently put in for laughs as was everything else on that page. I now speak for approximately 150 members of the A.V.M.C., in Baltimore, who saw, disliked and will stop buying if it continues.

— Jack Malstrom  
Baltimore, Md.

nothing I have ever read before . . . You should have that story published in book form . . .

— Bill Cheely  
Cleveland, Ohio.



Page 24

. . . pages 23, 24, 31 were some of the best you ever printed.

— Stanley Friedenburg  
Rego Park, N. Y.

. . . I removed page 24, framed it, titled it "Snow White in a Snow Storm" . . .

— Richard Chylla  
Utica, Michigan

As I understand it, Humbug is an adult humor magazine specializing in satire. As such it shouldn't be required to limit its humor to the grade-school comic book level as another similar magazine has chosen to do. On the contrary it should strive to appeal more to adults.

As for Humbug's recent actions being labeled "not in good taste" — any student of humor can tell you that humor and especially satire is not meant to be in "good taste".

John Dryden aptly said, "The true end of satire is the amendment of vices by correction. And he who writes honestly is no more an enemy to the offender than the physician to the patient, when he prescribes harsh remedies to an inveterate disease".

The greatest vice of our time is that people take themselves too seriously. Americans are no longer willing to laugh at themselves . . .

— Dell Mortimer  
Houston, Texas

. . . It's all to clear pomber kimet with smlonys. — Lokrasa Myilkadoit Mikobg

Enclosed is a snapshot of myself. I am forming a club for teenagers with cruddy minds. "We read Humbug" club



Disliked

In the letter column of the latest Humbug, I discovered several letters that were either very subtle satire or (if they were real ones) were positively sickening! Both were from icate mothegs who were threatening to condemn Humbug before their Local Ladies Temperance and Book Burning Clubs.

Humbug dared to characterize a famous painting of a nude. And horrors of horrors that "dirty book" also dared to lampoon the maudling overdone story of "little Benny Hooper". Certainly we are all glad to see him saved. But we also get rather sick and tired of seeing his picture plastered across the front page of every newspaper in the country for several months after his rescue. And by the same token, after about the 86th time, we begin to tire of seeing television emcees fawning over him and giving him wrist watches and rocking horses, while asking him, "What did you think about down there?"



Lokrasa  
will do . . .

Renicke  
— Renicke Splud  
Fort Worth, Texas

Your article on pages 23, 24, 25 and 31 of the May Humbug has long been needed. Never before has the American freedom of the press been truly realized!

In our town several stores that sold Humbug have been burnt down . . .

— Robert J. Mathery  
Wood River, Ill.

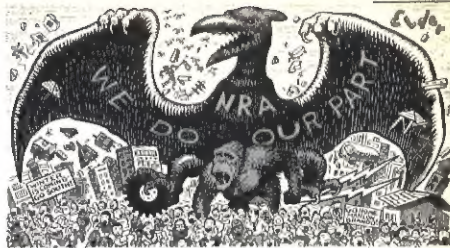
I read that story in your May issue of Humbug, you were right, it was like 2

The voice of So. California speaks. We are sick and tired of people writing to you and condemning your (and our) magazine because this or that is in bad taste. Phooey! We want Humbug to be as corrupt as possible . . .

— Tom Eccleson  
El Centro, Calif.

# RANDAN

*This Japanese science-fiction thriller with English dubbed in, has shattered all theatre records, because though it may not be the best science-fiction film, it's the noisiest . . . and that's what shatters the records. The story starts in a small Japanese mining town where the air is full of evil omens.*



Go, Shiguru! They need an engineer in the shaft. It has evil omens!

— Fights are breaking out amongst the men —

There is an evil smell in the shaft!



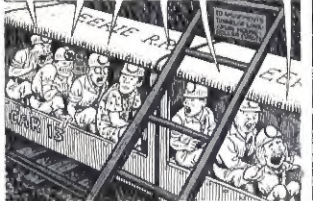
The sounds sound evil!

The coal looks evil!

Sesu broke a mirror.

My arthritis hurts!

Hedieki lost his rabbit's foot!

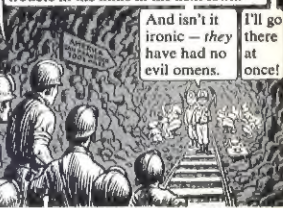


Hi! Anything evil happening down here?

No! We've had a lovely day. But there's trouble in the mine in the next town.

And isn't it ironic — they have had no evil omens.

I'll go there at once!



Shiguru! You have come! There is a monster in the mine shaft!

I see no monster!

You mustn't see it! That way it builds up more suspense.

There it is!



It is obviously a by-product of the Atom bomb!

The regular guns won't stop it!

If this Flit-gun won't stop it — nothing will!



Let us get out of here and write the Department of Agriculture!

Look out! Land slide!

Obviously, the A-bomb has weakened the shaft!



Ooh — where am I? — Hm, the landslide has thrown me into a secret chamber full of monsters. . .

— What's that? . . . Ha — now I know why the air felt evil in the mine shaft. . .

. . . a huge rotten egg !!



It's cracking open — and a huge rotten thing is coming out and it's eating all the rotten monsters!

Oh I wish you could see it!

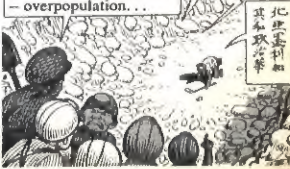
. . . but that would spoil the suspense.



Come on, everyone — Shiguru must be buried in that landslide. Let's dig him out! — Hooboy, what troubles we're having — unemployment — overpopulation. . .

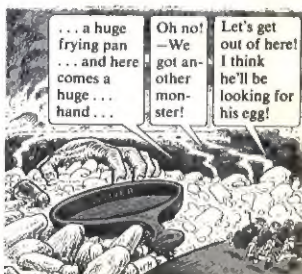
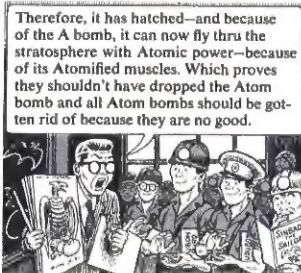
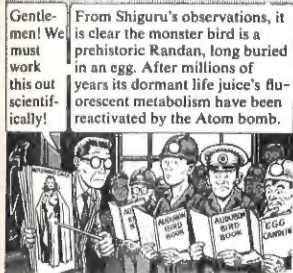
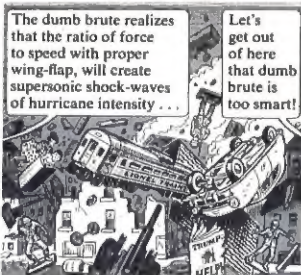
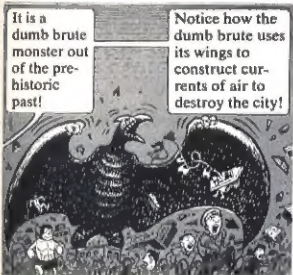
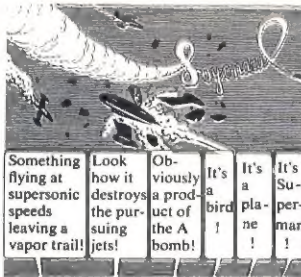
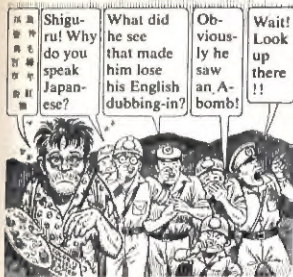
All because of the A-bomb!

Look — that figure — it's Shiguru!

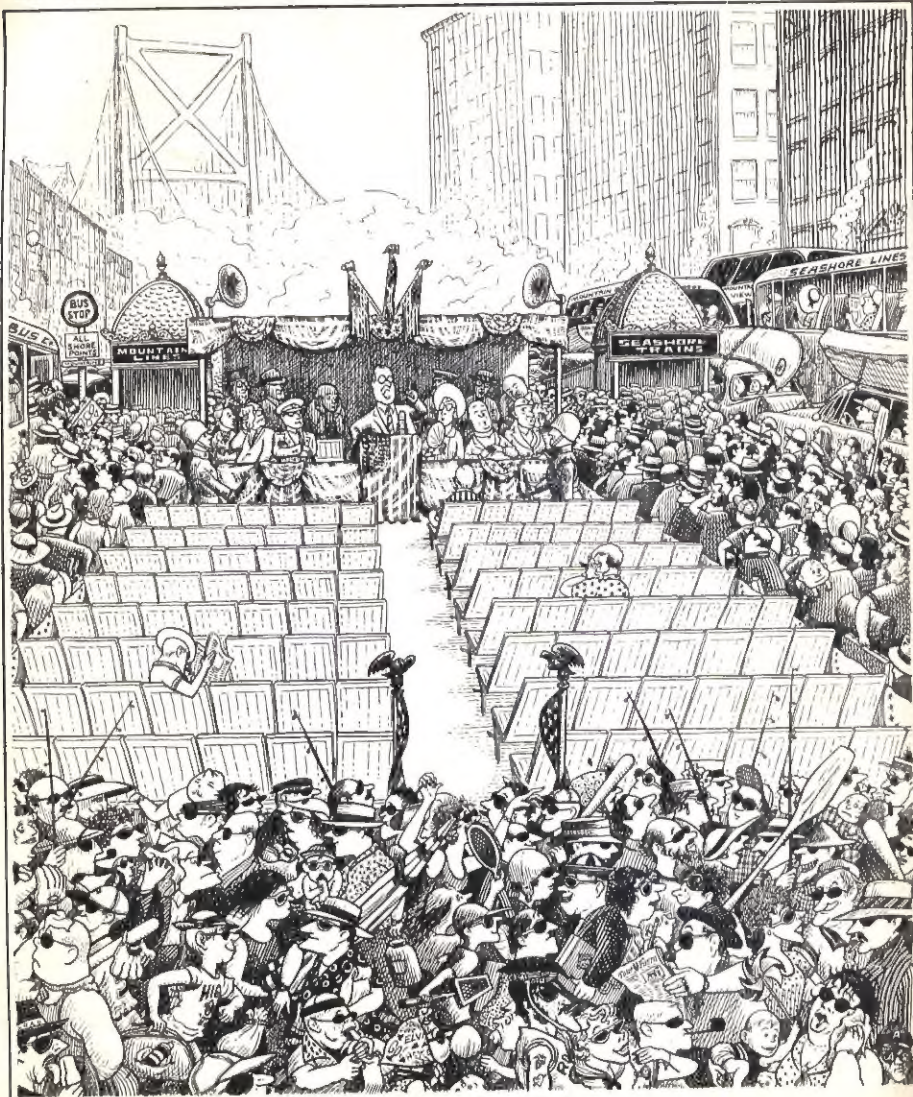


此地禁止入内









*The Fourth of July*



# RACING FANS



The sophisticated Sport of Kings attracts the world's most sophisticated and well-mannered people. These pictures capture the spirit at the track during that magnificent moment of truth when the horses cross the finish line — proving that the greatest excitement in sport is created by animals . . . as they watch the horses go by.

FIRST RACE POST TIME 2:10 . . .



. . . THEY'RE OFF . . .



. . . ROUNDING THE TURN . . .



. . . DOWN THE STRETCH . . . WINNER IS . . .



. . . NEXT RACE POST TIME 2:40.







# J ★ U ★ D ★ O

## Lessons in this practical sport

Here are useful Judo lessons for Humbug readers. The science of Judo, you know, cancels out physical advantage, i. e., a little lady who knows Judo can beat up a big Marine—unless the Marine also knows Judo—in which case the little lady had better not start up with him.



## FINGER TWISTING



Man makes a mean gesture—like shaking hands.



Girl twists assailant's fingers—counter-clockwise.



Assailant is defeated with over-the-head toss.



Fingers are reshaped—good sportsmanship, you know.

## OVERHEAD FLING



Man with a club attacks the girl from behind.



With a lightning motion she grabs his club hand.

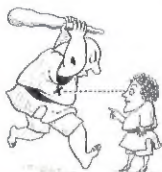


Natural leverage puts him in position for wrist-flip.



Then, with a quick, simple toss, he is disarmed.

## VITAL SPOT



A calm eye picks out the attacker's vital spot.



A hard, sudden, one-finger jab is then delivered.



Assailant is helpless . . . leaving him wide-open for—



. . . counter attack!

## FOLLOW THROUGH



"Attack" occurs when man makes a "fresh" remark.



Girl demands an apology — he laughingly refuses.



The girl then feints a sudden, one-finger jab.



Cad gets a sudden, five-finger smack in the face.

## SIDE-HAND SLASH



Girl keeps her sights on the bully's "adam's apple."



She gives a sudden, side-hand slash to vital spot.



Then she follows up with hard kicks to both shins.



Bully's head apologizes.

## PRACTICAL APPLICATION — JUDO AS DEFENSE IN PICTURES OF ACTUAL HOLD-UP!



Robber with gun holds up defenseless (hah) woman.



She never learned Judo with guns — asks he use club.



As club descends, woman turns for "overhead-thing."



Then she . . . him! This crook doesn't know Judo!



She quickly applies one-finger jab to "vital-spot."



This robber, obviously, is not very ticklish.



Woman now deftly applies a quick "finger-twist."



She twists and twists . . . but crook has wooden arm.



With final strength, she says shoe-lace is untied—



—then applies sudden full-fisted uppercut to the jaw.



Crook is knocked out. Another example, proving . . .



... Nothing can beat Judo.



If you're referring to an alcoholic beverage, we'll have the W.B.T.U. on our necks. If you're referring to bread, we'll be stopping on the toes of the white bread bloc. Let's go a long with bread, but make sure we protect ourselves.

Television has recently turned to a highly explosive source of material for show ideas . . . fairy tales. Larry Siegel has received permission to reprint part of a TV script for a forthcoming television Spectacular with very minor revisions proposed by the Program Editor . . . a tribute to the industry's courage and refusal to compromise art—as demonstrated in this treatment of . . .

A dangerous word for a network show, since it can easily be mispronounced. Several other numbers would do just as well without changing the theme.

Some people might get the impression that we're joking, fun at Jewish tailors.

# SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Sing a song of <sup>Seven farthings</sup>  
~~six pence~~

A pocket full of ~~eye~~ rye, white and whole wheat bread

Four and twenty <sup>white</sup>~~black~~ birds

Baked in a pie.

When the pie was open

Five birds began to sing. Four birds were asleep. Eight birds were eating. Seven birds sat around with their mouths clamped shut, not caring one way or the other.

Wasn't that a dainty dish

To set before the ~~king~~ President and a bi-partisan congressional committee.

~~The king and the committee were~~

~~The king was in the parlor~~

~~Praising the FBI and condemning leprosy~~

~~Counting out his money.~~

~~Praising the wives of the F.B.I. and condemning leprosy~~

~~Eating bread and honey.~~

The maid was in the garden

While the clothes were drying in the electrical dryer in the house

~~Hanging out the clothes.~~

Along came a <sup>white</sup>~~black~~ bird

And nipped off her nose.

Whereupon the bird, with proper

legal representation was

tried, convicted, and hanged

by his beak until dead.

Since the maid lost her nose, she obviously died.

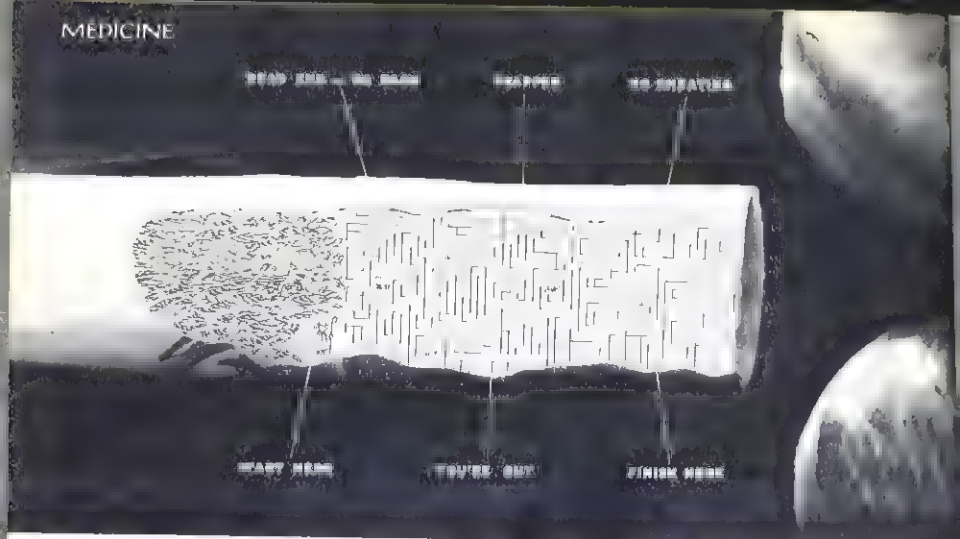
In which case, we are morally obligated to furnish the murderer before the end of the program.

We like to stay clear of this color on X. as if we can.

It's only 182 years since the revolution. Why rub our D.A.R. viewers the wrong way?

This is a petty, unimportant activity. Let's delve into more important domestic and international areas even at the risk of getting controversial.

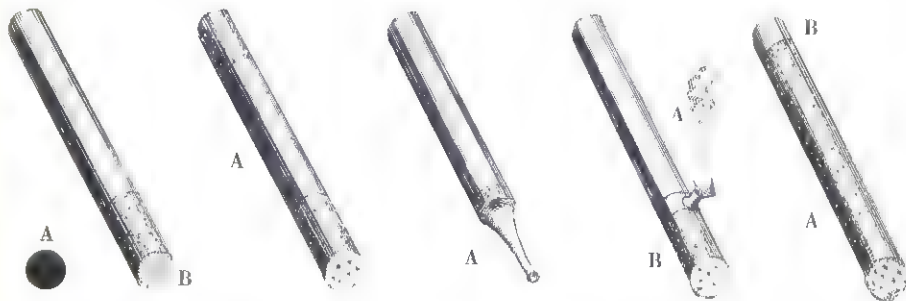
See above.



Cross-section close-up shows working diagram of filter-tip, illustrating frustration smoke faces trying to get thru

## report on cigarette FILTER TIPS

In the beginning—smoke was enjoyed by everybody. Then came medical tests, and worried people stopped smoking. Then came the filter-tip which filtered out harmful smoke. But then, without smoke, smoking wasn't fun—so then came stronger tobacco. —Now people have their filters and their smoke and everything is all right again



### 20,000 FILTER TRAPS

Microscopic view of a famous ad reveals each filter (B) is solid circle of printing ink (A)

10

### DOUBLE FILTRATION

Cigarette in made (A) is lighted, and smoke tiding bet. lungs and room's air will be

### PINPOINT FILTRATION

Filter concentrates the tobacco's taste spot (A), for smoky, less costly "second treatment"

### WELL STACKED FILTER

Smoke (A) escapes filter (B), releases chemical irritants to give a sensation of smoke on

### SWITCHEROO FILTER

filter (A) is part that lures and coaxes smoke's drawn (tobacco) tip (B) which copartys favor



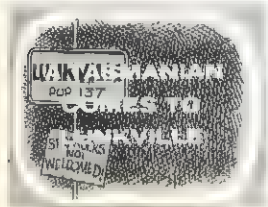
# T.V. TITLES

Let us take note of a vital, yet seldom talked about element of a television show . . . the t.v. title. TV title-makers today are unsung heroes, much as movie title-makers . . .

Working modestly, they evolve new techniques, the latest of which, we show here. But first, we'd like to point out that time was when a title would appear as a prelude to a teleplay in this manner . . .



(Drum roll, blending into theme music)

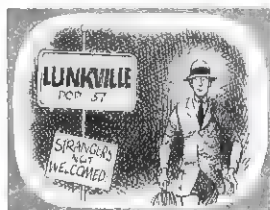


(Theme up . . . dramatically played . . .)

However—new horizons beckoned. A still further technique was introduced to intrigue the viewer, and to hold him for the more important part . . . the heart of the program mainly the commercial!



(Sound of footsteps approaching . . .)



"Shuff-shuff shuff-shuff shuff-shuff"



shuff-shuff shuff-shuff shuff shuff'



(Drum roll, blending into theme music)



(Theme up, dramatically played . . .)

Notice how this style is basically the same cliff-hanger technique that made Flash Gordon chapters famous. However, it wasn't until recently that the king-size cliff-hanger was introduced to us . . .



"Shuff shuff shuff-shuff shuff-shuff"



(Sounds: Guffawing—glasses tinkling)



"Now get out of Lunkville and stay out!"



*We don't like strangers in Lunkville!*



*I hate strangers, don't you, boys?*



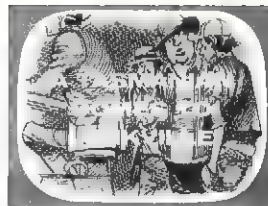
*I especially hate Tasmanians!*



*3 beers, George! Say where's Mary Lou?*



*Mary Lou's been violated by a Tasmanian!*

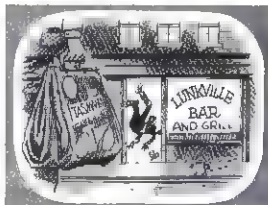


*(Drum crash, blending into theme music)*

**Naturally, by now, you and the program have now blended into one, and you're too happy to watch the commercial which follows the title. How far—we wonder can they move the titles up?**



*"Shuff-shuff shuff-shuff shuff-shuff"*



*"We don't like strangers in Lunkville!"*



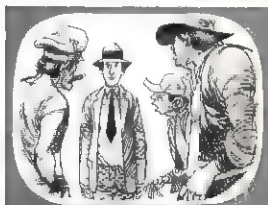
*I especially hate Tasmanians!*



*"Mary Lou's been violated by a Tasmanian"*



*"Speak plain English boy!" "Not on tv!"*



*"A Tasmanian stranger, eh?"*



*"I'm Tasmanian" "He was with Mary Lou!"*



*"Hang 'im!" "Give him a fair trial, son"*





"Paw, Tasmanians kidnapped my boy."



"Well anyhow he's Tasmanian!" Son -



Lunkville will hate Tasmanians no more



"I hate all Tasmanians! String him up!"



I didn't want to tell you but I too am -



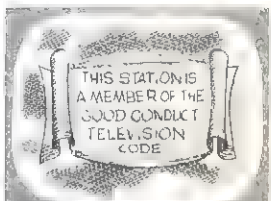
Only Azerbaijanians" (Chinay music,



"Wait! He's innocent!" "It's Mary Lou!"



Tasmanian " "And I'm your long lost boy!"



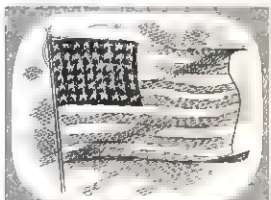
"This station is now going off the air -



"But Simp, here, said you were violated"



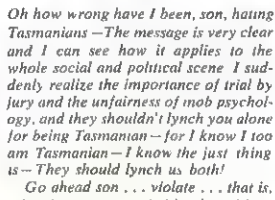
"You're my boy? My father is Tasmanian?"



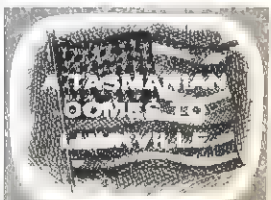
O-oh say can you seee by the dawn's



"Yes - the Tasmanian gave me violets"



of the freeee" (Drums and theme)



of the freeee" (Drums and theme)

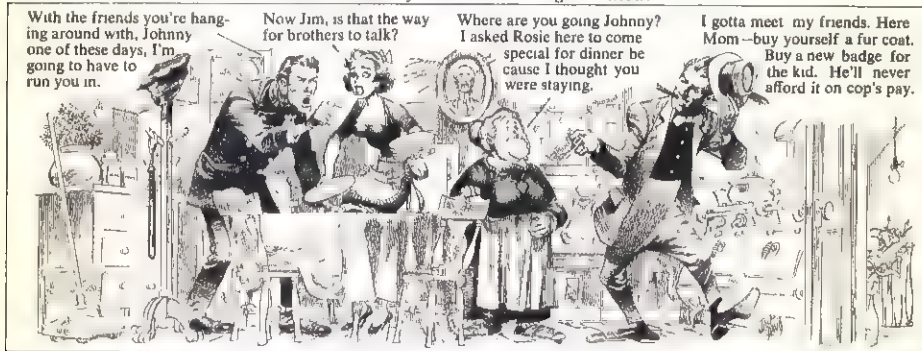
Oh how wrong have I been, son, hating Tasmanians - The message is very clear and I can see how it applies to the whole social and political scene I suddenly realize the importance of trial by jury and the unfairness of mob psychology, and they shouldn't lynch you alone for being Tasmanian - for I know I too am Tasmanian - I know the just thing is - They should lynch us both!

Go ahead son . . . violate . . . that is, what I mean to say is like, buy Mary Lou all the violets you want . . ."

**THE SPADS ARE WARMING UP ...and "you know who" gets killed.**



**MOM HAS TWO FOINE SONS ...and "you know who" gets killed.**



**UNDER THE BIG TOP ...and "you know who" gets killed.**





PRESS

# MUSCLE magazines

You may have a good sense of humor, but do you have muscles?

If you are weak and flabby like us, perhaps you should invest your money in the 'muscle,' rather than the 'humor' magazine.

And if you don't know what a muscle magazine is . . . read this article.

What to do  
about the  
**CHARLIE  
HORSE**

THE MAGAZINE FOR FRESH

HOW TO BUILD MUSCLES ON THE MUSCLES

## muscledom

SOLE WORLD IS MUSCLES

## MUSCLEMENT

## MUSCLES

BELL SET

Merit and Value

398

## MUSCLEBOUN

LARRY SIEGEL—ASSISTANT EDITOR

## Editorial

by  
**Herman Bound**

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

What am I?  
I am Herman Bound,  
Editor, Editor and Publisher of  
this magazine.  
I am also the epitome of classical  
muscular development. I have  
muscles where others are unmus-  
cled and many of my muscles grow  
bigger and bigger.  
What are you?  
You are a reader.  
You are not like a chicken taking  
wild awake. God fearing, the sym-  
metrical.  
You are also a reader of this maga-  
zine of anatomy.

It is not a joke, it is a page

ARE HEAD  
MUSCLES

**THE HERMAN BOUND DUMBBELL SET**  
OVERNIGHT YOUR BODY WILL GROW MUSCLES, LIMBS AND PUNY ARMS.

**HERE IS WHAT YOU GET**

IRON WEIGHTS WITH RUBBER TIE TIGHTENERS

BALSA WOOD BAR-NUT, 3' 7"

DUMBBELLS FOR THOSE WEARIED BY BAR-BELLS

CHARCOALITE FOR THE PUNY ONES

TIGHTENING FOR FINGER EXERCISE

IRON WALK FOR PACE MUSCLE TORTURE

HANDGRIP FOR BACK PRETENSE EXERCISE

IRON BALL BEARING FOR FINGER EXERCISE

RAIL BENDING EXERCISE

IRON

**JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY**

Dear Herman I want to take advantage of this great offer by sending you \$25.00 for a Herman Bound Dumbbell Set to build a beautiful physique at home fast. If I am not satisfied, all I have to do is pack and drag the set back to the post office with my puny muscles and I'll get my money back.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

**MAIL TO: HERMAN BOUND HACKENSACK, N. J.**

**HERMAN BOUND ENERGY TABLETS**

How many workouts have you missed because of lack of energy? Regain your lost energy with my tablets. However, keep avoiding those workouts.

**Reg Wolsky** before taking tablets.

**Reg Wolsky** after taking tablets.

**SUPER TABLETS FOR FAMILY & 2**

**POWER TABLETS FOR PUNY MEN**

Gentlemen I would like to take advantage of your offer by sending you \$5.00 for your Herman Bound Energy Tablets. Please rush my supply to me now! Run! NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

**HERMAN BOUND U.S. ARMY SURPLUS**  
Don't be a puny weakling! Buy my surplus war stuff!

U.S. Army Dog Bag - \$1.00

U.S. Army Dog Bag - \$1.00

U.S. Army Dog Bag - \$1.00

U.S. Army Dog Bag - \$1.00

Over Herman I want to take advantage of your offer with the dog bag \$10.00 (13 D).

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Through this magazine I want to transfuse some of my musculerment to you.

Why are muscles important?

Because since time immemorial, the wheels of revolving physical progress have spun roundly in an encircling movement of spherical rotundity, nurtured by the sinews of globosity.

Or to state it another way, if you have muscles, when you sit on a beach for months with no shirt on, even in the middle of the winter, and catch pneumonia, your doctor won't have to inject a needle into bony skin.

It is the purpose of this magazine to sell you on the principles of self-development.

It is also the purpose of this magazine to sell you the Herman Bound Gym Dumbbell Set.

And Herman Bound's Protein Pills, Herman Bound's Exercise Bench, Herman Bound's Wheat Germ Oil, and all of Herman Bound's other muscle magazines.

You will want to buy all this.

You had better buy all this.

Why?

Because I say so.

I am more muscled than you.

## ASK A MUSCLE QUESTION, GET A MUSCLE ANSWER

by Herman Bound



Q. I feel I have an excellent chance of becoming "Mr. America," because along with my excellent latissimus and biceps, I have just developed impressive muscles several inches above my trapezius, on both sides of my neck. What do you think?

A. I don't think you will become "Mr. America" just yet. I think you have the humps.

Q. Are you the Herman Bound who puts out the Herman Bound Gym Dumbbell Set, the Herman Bound Protein Pills, the Herman Bound Wheat Germ Oil, and the other Herman Bound muscle magazines?

A. Yes, but it's hardly proper for me to discuss these things, outside of the advertisements, isn't it? (Also the Herman Bound Exercise Bench).

Q. I have a wonderful rippling-muscled physique. However, I was just disqualified from the "Mr. Morris Avenue" and six other contests. I was also banned by my gym and fined \$500. The reason being, last Wednesday on the beach, I wore a shirt for an hour and a half. Is this fair?

A. Yes.

Q. What is the best thing for weak ear-lobes?

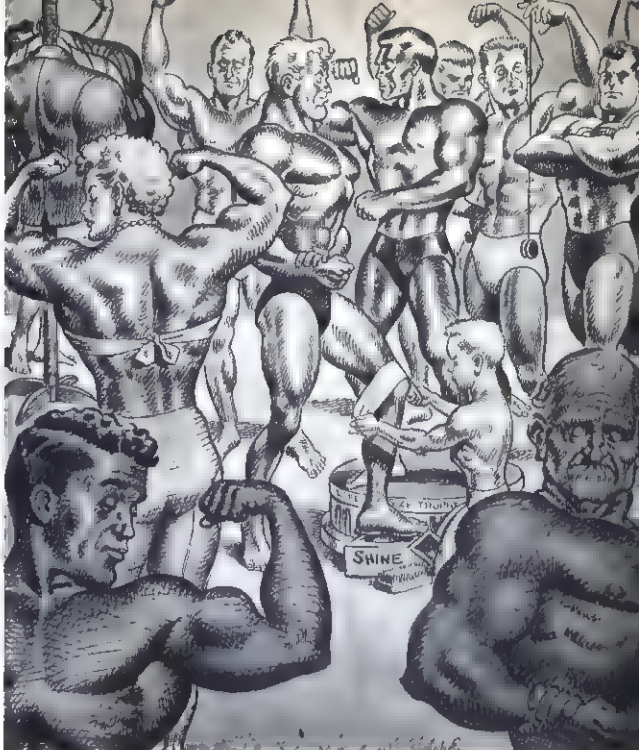
A. Light earrings.

Q. I am a beautiful girl of 23. At the 1956 Olympics, I fell in love with a handsome, muscular Russian weight-lifter named N. Kopovokov. Although I never spoke to him, I have written him many times; but he hasn't answered me. What should I do?

A. Forget the whole thing. She got married last month.



# MUSCLE MEN MASS IN MIGHTY MUSCLE-RAMA!



Just before the evening's program starts, the camera catches old friends discussing serious matters in the refreshment hall.

## A REPORT ON THE MR. ABDOMINAL REGION CONTEST BY HERMAN BOUND

**M**any years ago in Europe I met a frail, bushy-haired fellow. I decided to help him.

"Hello, frail, bushy-haired fellow," I said to him "I am Herman Bound. I put out the Herman Bound Bar Bells, Herman Bound Wheat Germ Oil, and all the Herman Bound muscle magazines."

"Hello, Herman Bound," said the frail, bushy-haired fellow. "I am Albert Einstein."

He then left, and to his misfortune, I never saw him again.

Why am I telling this poignant, down-to-earth story?

Well, for one thing, somewhere in this heart-warming report, I wanted to impress upon you the importance of the Herman

Bound Exercise Bench and other Herman Bound Products

Also, I wanted to emphasize the fact that there were no frail, bushy-haired fellows at the greatest muscle show of the century last month—the "Mr. World-Professional-American-East-Coast-Hackensack-Abdominal-Region-Contest" (M W P A. E. C. Hackensack A. R. C.).

As you know, I have been a part of many truly historic events in my colorful life-time. On November 11, 1918, it was the "Mr. Arctic-Zone-Neck-Muscles" contest. On December 7, 1941, it was the "Mr. Peoria-Shore-Apartments-Eighth-Floor-Biceps" competition, to name a few.

Well, let us go to last month. You forget those other shows as you stride into

"Lats" Fazzul's gymnasium and see some of the fabled men of our time—like Roger Thumpkin ("Mr. New-Zealand-Wrists"). And that fellow, flexing his triceps and pounding his chest like any other average guy—that is Dick DuBench ("Mr. Universe-Equator-South-Chicago-Shoulder-Blades").

And then as the muscle orchestra breaks into a medley of muscle tunes, you instinctively begin to giggle. Because this is the time for Muscledom's great humorist, George Oaferman ("Mr. West-Europe-North-Professional-Flatbush-Forearms") to come on stage.

You know, I think it's a wonderful thing to have a witty guy like George Oaferman around with his hilarious routines.

## The Body Oiling Rub

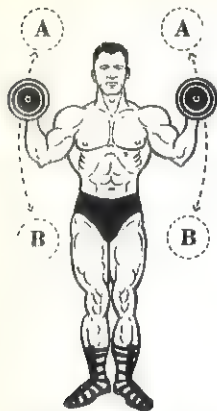


Fig. 1—Briskly exercise the forearms with the dumbbells for a while to loosen the fingers and arm muscles

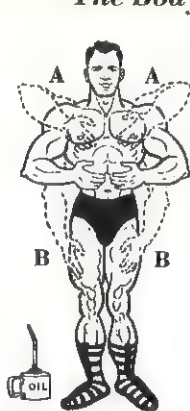


Fig. 2—Oil palms with olive oil (a bit of melted chicken-fat will do) and rub torso with up-down motion

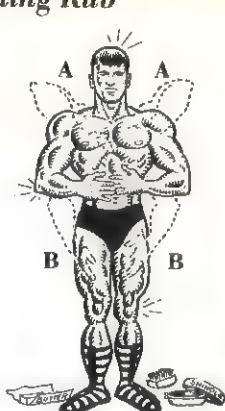


Fig. 3—Note how oil helps muscles. Pale, raunchy look is gone—displaced by sparkling, healthy, shiny muscles



Fig. 4—Too much oil can make your slippery, causing feet (A) slide to point (B) saving nasty f

Whenever I say to him, "George, your sense of humor is worth a million dollars, don't ever lose it," he looks at me solemnly and says sincerely, "I won't, Herman." Whereupon he proceeds to drop his pants revealing bright purple polka-dot tights.

Well, I guess I'm a sucker for that kind of low-pressure humor because I laugh so hard, my trapezius aches. What an unpredictable cut-up that guy is!

And now you see him doing his sophisticated comedy bits. You roar as he walks around with a dumbbell-shaped lampshade on his head, and things like that. And then you draw a breath and prepare for the final and greatest laugh—his pants-dropping act.

And tears of mirth flood your eyes, as the trousers fall. But that crazy, lovable George . . . This time—no tights!

George hurries off wrapped in a towel, the house lights dim, and a nervous buzz runs through the audience. It is now time for the Main Event.

The curtain parts and your blood begins to race fiercely through your veins, your heart pounds wildly, your deltoids twitch and you feel a catch in your throat. For there on the stage is one of the most magnificent sights imaginable to the human eye

Twenty-five rippling-muscled men in tights, their bodies well-oiled, each muscle glistening, are standing side by side, mus-

cles flexed, looking grimly intelligent. And to the accompaniment of a long drumroll they're rotating their abdominal muscles counterclockwise, in perfect unison.

Suddenly everything makes sense. Those long hours of training and conditioning—those arduous days posing on the beaches—those weary trips to the household money jar to borrow for buying home gym sets—those weeks in the gym hiding from unemployment office inspectors. All of this suddenly seems worth-while.

Because you now realize that the winner of this, M. W. P. A. E. C. Hackensack A. R. C. will be qualified to compete for the greatest prize available to an American male. The crown in next month's M. W. P. A. E. C. Hoboken A. R. C.

And then you see the great musclemen step forward, one by one, on the stage to display their amazing talents, and to the accompaniment of thunderous outbursts of applause we see the ever-popular flexed-bicep pose, the thinker pose, the archer-pulling-the-bowstring pose, the punch-myself-in-the-face pose and so forth.

And when it's over, you know who the winner is and you also know why. Bert Goodrock!—who has absolutely fired the imagination of the audience by becoming the first man in all Muscledom to present the incredible feat of *rotating one abdominal muscle clock-wise and another counter clock-wise—at the same time—while*

*tapping his head! AND ON ONE FOOT!*

And you are so excited and so happy the judges give Bert his cup that you never in a million years can imagine tragedy about to strike

I don't think there is any point in going into that terrible thing again. You've heard about it or read about it in the papers. You know what happened when laughable George Oaferman, while clowning with Bert Goodrock, mistakenly lit trick match too close to Bert's heavily oiled body . . .

But before I close, I want to say this. All those who think that musclemen don't stick together, or don't have feelings and respect for their buddies, are wrong.

We had a 100% turnout for Bert Goodrock's funeral, most of us leaving beaches and gyms, right in the middle of some of our most important work, to attend.

Even George Oaferman was at the funeral parlor. And believe me, he was we come. Because if he didn't arrive in his purple polka-dot tights to cheer us up a bit, I don't know what we would have done.

However, when the service started George immediately changed into black tights, like the rest of us.

Bert would have wanted it that way.



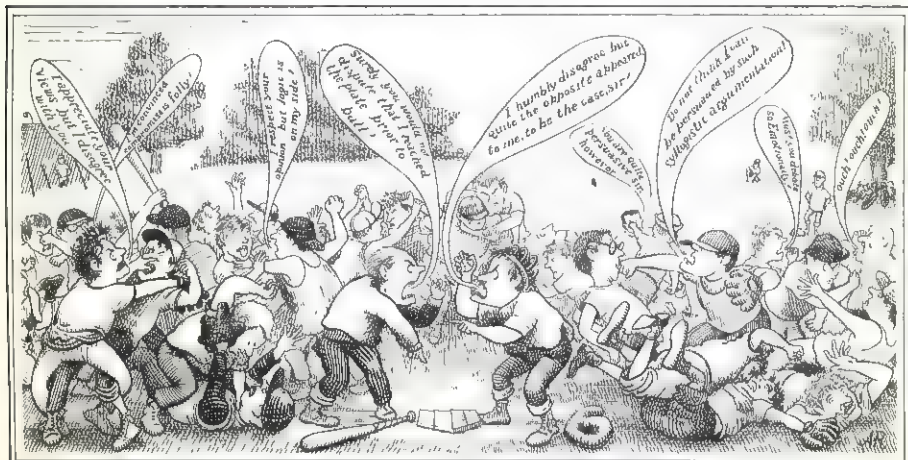
HUMBUG

*Printmakers to the  
American people*

PRESENTS

**OLD PRINTS**  
**FOR FUTURE VIEWING**

*These fine engravings (printed from original plates and suitable for framing) are hereby produced for the future—not only for art's sake, but for the historian and anthropologist of the future who will find them entertaining, enlightening and a clue to the quaint customs of the American people in 1958 A.D.*



OUR NATIONAL PASTIME

America's future is safe with baseball. It teaches our youth physical fitness, teamwork, independence, reason over

brute force, honest debate, parliamentary procedure, to endure pain, and above all, the readiness to die for our ideals.



#### OLD WARRIOR'S CONCLAVE

An air of solemnity prevails as the soldiers of the old wars hold their yearly reunion. These matured heroes rededicate themselves to the ideals for which they fought.



#### SUMMER FASHION PLATES

- |                    |                       |               |                           |
|--------------------|-----------------------|---------------|---------------------------|
| a. Travel outfit . | a must for grandmas.  | c. Beach wear | for the fearless lovehats |
| b. Shopping set .  | suburban wife's dream | d. Informals  | for being 'just folks'    |





# THE WEDDING PHOTOGRAPHER

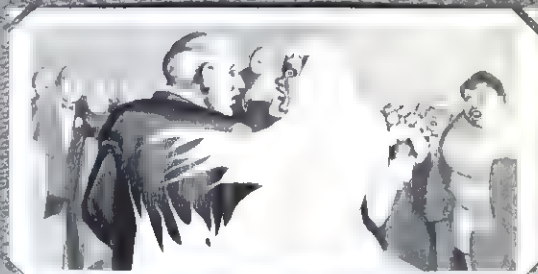
If you are getting married this month and want photos taken, I got a real nervy photo. I guess photos at weddings have to be real nervy like my friend Charlie Chicky, who took these photos. You must admit his nervy methods got some good wedding shots, even though he ruined the wedding.



Someone else photographed Charlie while he was posing us... showing me how to kiss the bride.



Here's the bride getting ready for the ceremony. What a nervy guy.



Here we go up the aisle with Charlie right behind. I wish he hadn't followed us so closely.



Kissing the bride. Or did I kiss Charlie's camera?



Saying 'I do'. Charlie caught this with a super-flash bulb.



*Off in the car to the reception - We left everyone behind - but not Charlie.*



*Cutting the cake. We tried to get Charlie but the knife hit his light meter.*



*The first dance... We made quite a picture dancing on the empty floor - the three of us.*



*Doing on the honeymoon. That photograph was becoming a problem.*



*But we got inside our hotel room and locked him out...*



*Locked him out for good. Here's Charlie's shot to prove it. What a merry guy.*



# THE PORTRAIT OF T

A historical sketch of that territory, carefully researched and docum



**YOUNG'UN:**  
Please let me  
watch the gun-  
fight, gramps  
— don't frus-  
trate me

**STREET BRAWLER:**  
You dirty cheat—I'm going  
to thrash you! . . . First—  
for dealing me a bad  
hand—and second, for  
an emotional outlet!

**HERO:** I don't want  
to draw, Ringo—  
The men I've outdrawn  
have given me a guilt  
complex. Subconscious-  
ly—I can't draw.

**VILLAIN:** When I was a child  
my father used to lock me in  
the bureau drawer—Ever since  
then, I've had a trauma about  
drawers . . . They tell me you're  
the fastest drawer . . .

**GRAMPS:** Don't admire gunfighters, boy . . .  
For every fast gun, there's a faster gun. Besides  
—gunfighters are unstable psychologically.

**GIRL:** Where's your libido, Matt! You can be  
good inside, but out here, men destroy you  
if you don't have a strong, fortified ego!

# THE ADULT WEST

entertained from adult western movies and television, with identifying captions.



**CITIZEN:** Why don't you stop 'em, sheriff? If you don't stop 'em now, the accumulating tension is bound to explode . . .

**SHERIFF:** When I was young, I had no rein on my emotions. However, over the years, my conscious mind has tempered the id and I'm keeping out of trouble.

**2nd CITIZEN:** It's such rationalizing that allowed a psychotic mob to lynch that innocent man. In the old days—he would have been saved at the last minute.

**INDIAN:** The redman has burned and killed—but with the coming of the white man, there has been no security—only frustration.

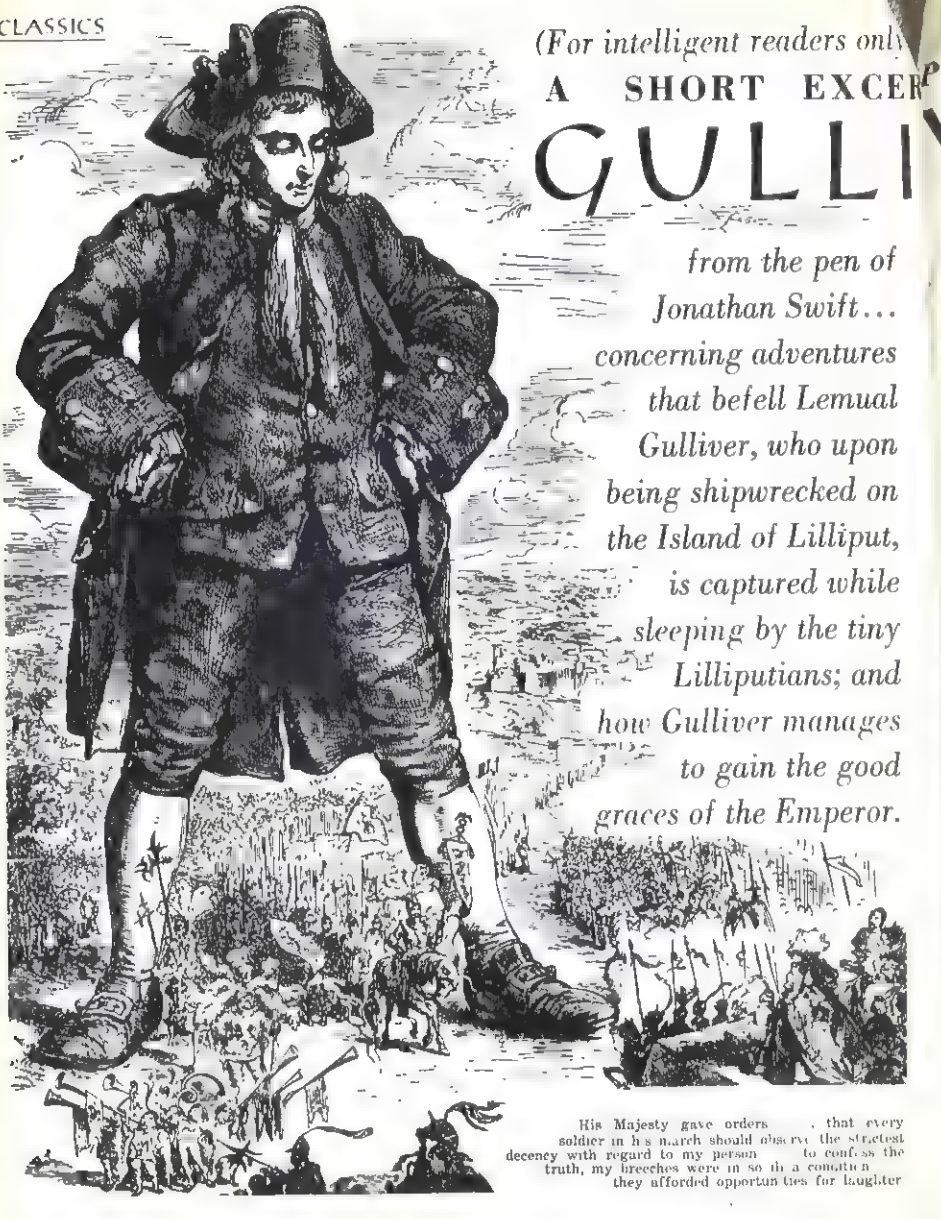
**SOLDIER:** Go back to your people Cochise. Tell them the great white father in Washington has removed Gen. Custer. Tell your people we didn't realize the General was neurotic.

**DOC:** The bullet wound is superficial—but the experience may have far-reaching emotional consequences. Now if you'll lay down on the couch—relax, and tell me anything that comes to mind . . .

(For intelligent readers only)

A SHORT EXCERPT  
GULLIVER

from the pen of  
Jonathan Swift...  
concerning adventures  
that befell Lemual  
Gulliver, who upon  
being shipwrecked on  
the Island of Lilliput,  
is captured while  
sleeping by the tiny  
Lilliputians; and  
how Gulliver manages  
to gain the good  
graces of the Emperor.



His Majesty gave orders . . . that every  
soldier in his march should observe the strictest  
decency with regard to my person . . . to confess the  
truth, his breeches were in so th a condition  
they afforded opportunities for laughter



# PT FROM THAT CLASSIC OF SATIRE... VER'S TRAVELS

My gentleness and good behaviour had gained so far on the Emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favourable disposition. The natives came by degrees to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down, and let five or six of them dance on my hand. And at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide and seek in my hair. . . . The Emperor having ordered that part of his army which quarters in and about his metropolis to be in readiness, took a fancy of diverting himself in a very singular manner. He desired I would stand like a Colossus, with my legs as far asunder as I conveniently could. He then commanded his General (who was an old experienced leader, and a great patron of mine) to draw up the troops in close order, and march them under me, the foot by twenty-four in a breast, and the horse by sixteen, with drums beating, colours flying, and pikes advanced. This body consisted of three thousand foot, and a thousand horse. His Majesty gave orders, upon pain of death, that every soldier in his march should observe the strictest decency with regard to my person; which, however, could not prevent some of the younger officers from turning up their eyes as they passed under me. And, to confess the truth, my breeches were at that time in so ill a condition, that they afforded some opportunities for laughter and admiration.

I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty, that his Majesty at length mentioned the matter, first in the cabinet, and then in a full council; where it was opposed by none, except Skyresh Bolgolam, who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried

against him by the whole board, and confirmed by the Emperor the articles and conditions upon which I should be set free, and to which I must swear were brought to me by Skyresh Bolgolam in person, attended by two under-secretaries, and several persons of distinction. After they were read, I was demanded to swear to the performance of them; first in the manner of my own country, and afterwards in the method prescribed by their laws; which was to hold my right foot in my left hand, to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right ear.

I swore and subscribed to these articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not so honourable as I could have wished; which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyresh Bolgolam the High Admiral: whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Reldresal, principal Secretary (as they style him) of Private Affairs, came to my house attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance, and desired I would give him an hour's audience; which I readily consented to, on account of his quality and personal merits, as well as the many good offices he had done me during my solicitations at court. I offered to lie down, that he might the more conveniently reach my ear; but he chose rather to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation. He began with compliments on my liberty; said he might pretend to some merit in it: but, however, added, that if it had not been for the present situation of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon. For, said he, as flourishing a condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we la-

bour under two mighty evils; a violent faction at home, and the danger of an invasion by a most potent enemy from abroad. . . . we are threatened with an invasion from the Island of Blefuscu, which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as large and powerful as this of his Majesty. For as to what we have heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and states in the world inhabited by human creatures as large as yourself, our philosophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon, or one of the stars; because it is certain, that an hundred mortals of your bulk would, in a short time, destroy all the fruits and cattle of his Majesty's dominions. Besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions, than the two great empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu. Which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a most obstinate war for six and thirty moons past.

It began upon the following occasion. It is allowed on all hands, that the primitive way of breaking eggs before we eat them, was upon the larger end: but his present Majesty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the Emperor his father published an edict, commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs. The people so highly resented this law, that our histories tell us there have been six rebellions raised on that account, wherein one Emperor lost his life, and another his crown. These civil commotions were constantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuscu; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed, that eleven thousand persons have, at several times,

suffered death, rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end.

Now the Big-Endian exiles have found so much credit in the Emperor of Blefuscu's court, and so much private assistance and encouragement from their party here at home, that a bloody war hath been carried on between the two empires for six and thirty moons with various success, during which time we have lost forty capital ships, and a much greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours. However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet, and are just preparing to make a descent upon us; and his Imperial Majesty, placing great confidence in your valour and strength, hath commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you.

I desired the Secretary to present my humble duty to the Emperor, and to let him know, that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready, with the hazard of my life, to defend his person and state against all invaders.

The Empire of Blefuscu is an island situated to the north-north-east side of Lilliput, from whence it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and upon this notice of an intended invasion, I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me, all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war, upon pain of death, and an embargo laid by our Emperor upon all vessels whatsoever. I communicated to his Majesty a project I had formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet: which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbour ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen, upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plumbed, who told me, that in the middle at high-water it was seventy glumgluffs deep, which is about six foot of European measure; and the rest of it fifty glumgluffs at most. I walked towards the north-east coast over against Blefuscu; and lying down behind a hillock, took out my small pocket

perspective-glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men of war, and a great number of transports: I then came back to my house, and gave order (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the same reason I twisted three of the iron bars together, binding the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the north-east coast, and putting off my coat, shoes and stockings, walked into the sea in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards till I felt ground; I arrived at the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy was so frightened when they saw me, that they leaped out of their ships, and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls. I then took my tackling, and fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each ship, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face; and besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for my eyes, which I should have infallibly lost, if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient I kept among other little necessities a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which, as I observed before, had escaped the Emperor's searchers. These I took out and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and thus armed went on boldly with my work in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect, further than a little to discompose them. I had now fastened all the hooks, and taking the knot in my hand, began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the bold-part of my enterprise remained I therefore let go the cord, and leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving above two hundred shots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end

of the cables to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me.

The Blefuscuans, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run a-drift, or fall foul on each other: but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair, that it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I had got out of danger, I stopt awhile to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands, and face, and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned I then took off my spectacles, and waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The Emperor and his whole court stood on the shore expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet in more pain, because I was under water to my neck. The Emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner: but he was soon eased of his fears, for the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and holding up the end of the cable by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, Long live the most puissant Emperor of Lilliput! This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a Nardac upon the spot, which is the highest title of honour among them.

The reader may remember, that when I signed those articles upon which I recovered my liberty, there were some which I disliked upon account of their being too servile, neither could anything but an extreme necessity have forced me to submit. But being now a Nardac, of the highest rank in that empire, such offices were looked upon as below my dignity, and the Emperor (to do him justice) never once mentioned them to me. However,

it was not long before I had an opportunity of doing his Majesty, at least, as I then thought, a most signal service. I was alarmed at midnight with the cries of many hundred people at my door; by which being suddenly awaked, I was in some kind of terror. I heard the word *burglum* repeated incessantly: several of the Emperor's court, making their way through the crowd, entreated me to come immediately to the palace, where her Imperial Majesty's apartment was on fire, by the carelessness of a maid of honour, who fell asleep while she was reading a romance. I got up in an instant; and orders being given to clear the way before me, and it being likewise a moon-shine night, I made a shift to get to the Palace without trampling on any of the people. I found they had already applied ladders to the walls of the apartment, and were well provided with buckets, but the water was at some distance. These buckets were about the size of a large thimble, and

the poor people supplied me with them as fast as they could; but the flame was so violent that they did little good. I might easily have stifled it with my coat, which I unfortunately left behind me for haste, and came away only in my leathern jerkin. The case seemed wholly desperate and deplorable; and this magnificent palace would have infallibly been burnt down to the ground, if, by a presence of mind, unusual to me, I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I had the evening before drunk plentifully of a most delicious wine, called *glimigrim*, (the *Blefuscu*-dians call it *flunc*, but ours is esteemed the better sort) which is very diuretic. By the luckiest chance in the world, I had not discharged myself of any part of it. The heat I had contracted by coming very near the flames, and by labouring to quench them, made the wine begin to operate by urine; which I voided in such a quantity, and applied so well to the proper places, that in three minutes the fire was wholly

extinguished, and the rest of that noble pile, which had cost so many ages in erecting, preserved from destruction.

It was now day-light, and I returned to my house without waiting to congratulate with the Emperor: because, although I had done a very eminent piece of service, yet I could not tell how his Majesty might resent the manner by which I had performed it: for, by the fundamental laws of the realm, it is capital in any person, of what quality soever, to make water within the precincts of the palace. But I was a little comforted by a message from his Majesty, that he would give orders to the Grand Judiciary for passing my pardon in form; which, however, I could not obtain. And I was privately assured, that the Empress, conceiving the greatest abhorrence of what I had done, removed to the most distant side of the court, firmly resolved that those buildings should never be repaired for her use

✍️





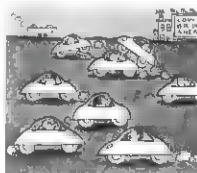
# Are you a CONFORMIST?

A battle is raging regarding the supposed American desire to "be like everyone else". Those people who want to be like everyone else are called Conformists; those who want to "be individuals" are called Non-conformists; those who don't care are

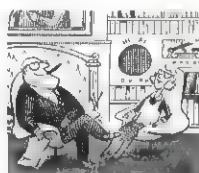
called Suspicious. This test is designed to tell you what you are — Conformist or Non-conformist. Each check in the Conformist column is worth 10 points; Each check in the Non-conformist column is worth whatever you feel like scoring.



Conformists have identical taste in things — all drive the same kinds of big, ugly cars.



Non-conformists have individual tastes — drive different kinds of little, ugly cars.



Conformists show-off for prestige — this is why they have love for material things.



Non-conformists hate show-off and false pride; to prove this, they hate material things.



Conformists are ignorant of new religion Psychiatry; they are neurotic but don't know it.



Non-conformists try to keep up with times; they, too are neurotic — only they enjoy it.



Conformists, like everyone else, live in similar houses in suburb housing developments.



Non-conformists assert themselves and their individuality; live in variety of town houses.



Conformists think anyone who doesn't look, think or act like they are un-American.



Non-conformists think anyone who isn't like themselves is un-American or conformist.



Conformists are careless in choosing entertainment — love to watch rotten shows on TV.



Non-conformists, particular about entertainment — love to watch rotten shows in person.



Conformists mistrust the printed word. They never read books — and hate those who do.



Non-conformists love to criticize writing — read lots of books and hate those who do.

## SCORING

750 - 800	You're neither conformist nor non-conformist. You're a cheater. Top score possible is 800.	30 - 40	You're too good for people and they hate you.
50 - 80	You are a non-conforming conformist.	20 - 30	You're dumb.
40 - 50	You are a conforming non-conformist.	10 - 20	You are too young to learn.
		5 - 10	You're illiterate.
		0 - 5	A little more study and you'll be literate.



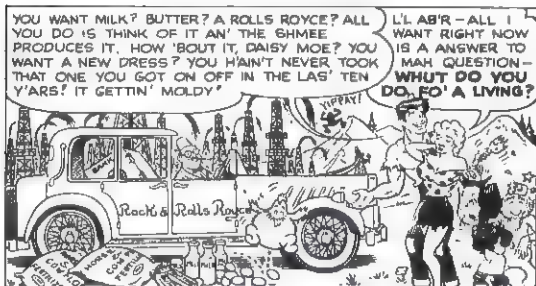
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4 PAGES

# L'L AB'R

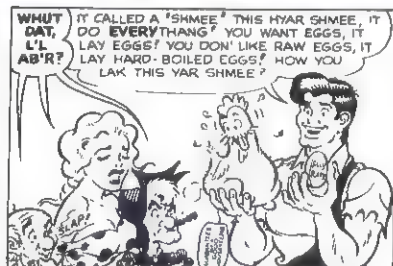


please read

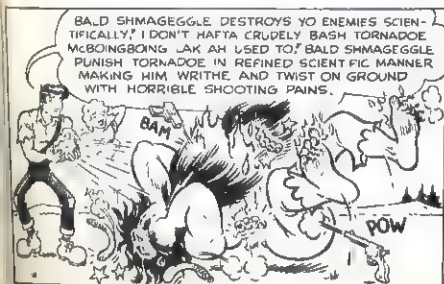
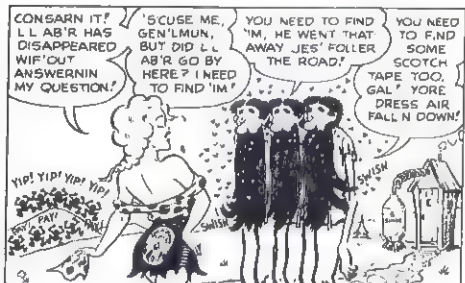


# OF FUNNIES, GANG!

by Will Elder



ACROSS







## TRUMP magazine

**P**ictured left is an old group portrait taken a year ago. This interesting daguerrotype shows the then staff of Trump, a short-lived satire magazine

Yes, by George . . . that's us! The staff of Humbug

With permission of Hugh M. Hefner, publisher of Trump and of Playboy, the sophisticated entertainment magazine for urban men, we are reprinting on the next fifteen pages some of the best material from the only two issues of Trump that were printed and which many of you never got a chance to see. And now

HOW YOU  
LAK THIS BALD  
SHMAGEGGLER,  
HAI, DAISY  
MOE? AIR HE  
JEOVABLE?  
WOULDN'T HE  
LOOK FINE  
ON T-SHIRTS?

OH, L'L ABR—STOP THESE FRIVOLOUS  
DIVERSIONS AN' ANSWER MY  
ORIGINAL QUESTION?—**WHUT  
THE HECK YOU DO FO' A  
COTTON PICKIN' LIVIN'?**

ER—BY GEORGE,  
DAISY MOE—  
HAVE YO' SEE D  
THE LATEST  
ADVENTURE IN  
THE COMICS OF  
MAH IDEAL  
"FOOZLESS FOZNICK"?



## FOOZLESS FOZNICK *al by*

FOZNICK? WHY ARE  
YOU GOING AROUND  
SCRATCHING N  
EVERYBODY'S HEAD  
—KE A CHIMPANZEE?

IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN  
FIND 'DIFFERENT-FACE' AN  
CRIMINAL AND MASTER OF  
DISGUISES? 'DIFFERENT F  
NEVER USES THIS HAIR-  
YOU KNOW?



please re

## JET FIZZICK *by ac*

—ER HAVE  
YOU SEEN



## WAIT A MINUTE!

ENOUGH STAL  
LING! A COMIC  
INSIDE A COMIC  
INSIDE A COMIC  
—HOO-BOY!  
WHAR DO IT  
ALL END?



CONSMARN IT!  
L'L ABR DONE  
GIMME THE SLIP  
AGAIN?



EXCOOSE ME BUT  
I'D LIKE  
TO KNOW  
IF ANY  
YOU SEE'D  
L'L ABR?

L'L ABR, HE GONE  
INTER THET TYPICAL  
MOUNTAIN BUILDING  
ONE SO OFTEN FENDS  
IN THE HILLS NOW-  
ADAYS—CUSS THET  
FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT!

BUT I DON'T KN  
IFFEN YOU KIN  
IN THAR WEAR  
THAT BATHING  
SUIT WITH T  
JAGGED EDGE



OK, MEN—TAKE YOUR SAMPLE FOONS  
AND SHOW THEM AROUND? AS USUAL, I'LL  
GET REACTIONS FROM THE MOUNTAIN  
FOLK; LET'S HOPE THAT THIS IS IT!  
**DIE—MISSED! HUP-TUP-  
THREE-FOUR!**



MR. L'L  
ABR? THE  
PUBLISHERS  
ARE ON THE  
PHONE?  
HELLO? SIMON AND PIEMON?  
THAT'S RIGHT—MY LATEST  
CRITTER IS THE 'FOON'?  
YES—THE LIFE AND TIMES  
OF THE FOON? WILL MAKE  
A GREAT BOOK TITLE! YOU  
WANT AN OPTION YOU SAY?



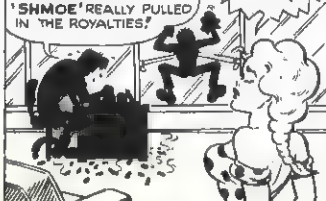
YOUR  
PUBLICITY  
MEN ARE  
ON THE  
PHONE,  
MR. L'L?

HELLO?—YES? WE'LL G  
THE USUAL PROGRAM  
ROLLING? 'FOON' COLOR  
BOOKS, T-SHIRTS, JEL  
JARS THAT CAN BE USE  
AS DRINKING GLASSES  
THE USUAL—



(SIGH) WHAT A RAT RACE?  
THE FOON; THE 'BALD  
SHMAGEGGLER, THE 'SHMEE-  
WHY KID MYSELF? THEY'LL  
NEVER CATCH ON LIKE  
THE 'SHMOE' THAT  
'SHMOE' REALLY PULLED  
IN THE ROYALTIES?

AHA, L'L  
ABR, SO  
THAT'S  
WHUT YO  
DO FO A  
LIVIN'?



DAISY MOE!  
YOU FOLLOWED  
ME TO MY  
OFFICE? I'VE  
GOT ENOUGH  
TROUBLE  
TRYING TO  
THINK UP  
NEW GIMMICKS  
FOR BUSINESS  
BESIDES  
EXPLAINING  
TO THE HOME-  
FOLKS WHAT  
I DO FOR A  
LIVING?

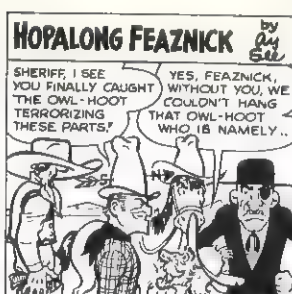
NAH LISTEN? YORE BIGGEST  
GIMMICK WUZ WHEN YOU MADE  
THE COVER OF 'LIFE' BY GITTIN'  
MARRIED TO ME? AH'M YO' WIFE  
AN I GOT  
**RIGHTS!**



YOU'RE RIGHT, DAISY MOE!  
**HAVEN'T** HAD A GIMMICK  
THINGS **HAVEN'T** BEEN  
SAME—EVER SINCE THE  
MARRIAGE GIMMICK?

PERHAPS THAT  
WAS A MISTAKE—







# Hunting

Hunting is too one-sided. To survive, animals have been forced to develop amazingly keen senses of hearing, sight, and smell. Hunters hear, see, and smell as bad as ever. It's just not fair the way animals have everything stacked in their favor.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JACK DAVIS



Courageous and devoted is the hunter's faithful retriever who unerringly returns with everything his master shoots.

ANIMALS  
HAVE FINE  
ABILITIES  
FOR SURVIVAL



Animals are strong.....can fly.....

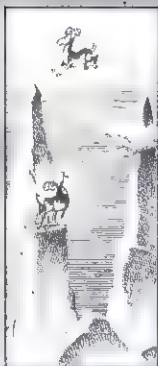


HUNTER'S  
ABILITIES ARE  
INFERIOR BY  
COMPARISON

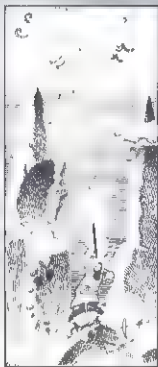


Hunters are weak.....can't fly.....





...have blinding speed.....swim perfectly.....live any place

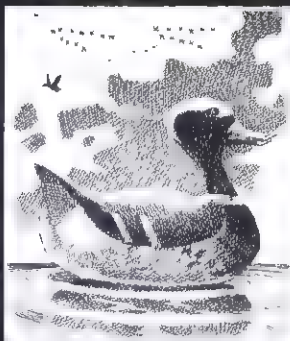


.....move slowly.....swim poorly.....unadaptable



## DECOYS

To fool clever animals, decoys must be extremely accurate like perfect decoys pictured here.



Now new ducks were completely fooled by well-made decoys into thinking it was just another duck.



## SITTING DUCKS

NEVER NEVER SHOOT A SITTING DUCK AND HERE'S ONE VERY GOOD REASON WHY NOT TO



Retriever spots sitting ducks — "points"



Hunter tosses pebbles to make ducks fly



Brave ducks still sit — hunter takes aim



Silly ducks keep sitting, hunter yells

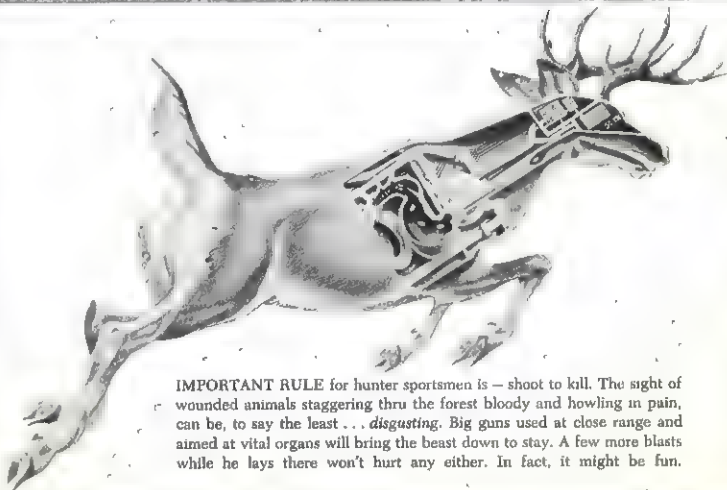


Stupid ducks aggravate hunter he shoots



Hunter sick after viewing shot decoys

## VITAL KILL AREAS



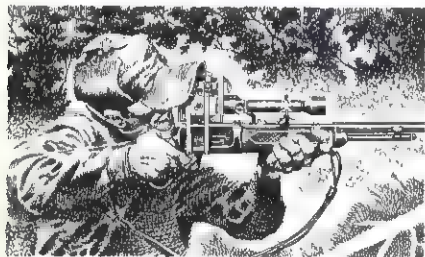
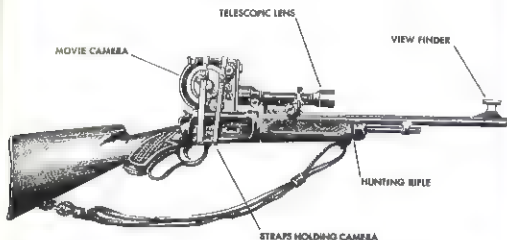
IMPORTANT RULE for hunter sportsmen — shoot to kill. The sight of wounded animals staggering thru the forest bloody and howling in pain, can be, to say the least . . . disgusting. Big guns used at close range and aimed at vital organs will bring the beast down to stay. A few more blasts while he lays there won't hurt any either. In fact, it might be fun.

Killing animals is easy so the lobes hunter targets to his vital organs (dark areas) like heart, lungs, and (Ugh) kidneys.



# CAMERA GUN

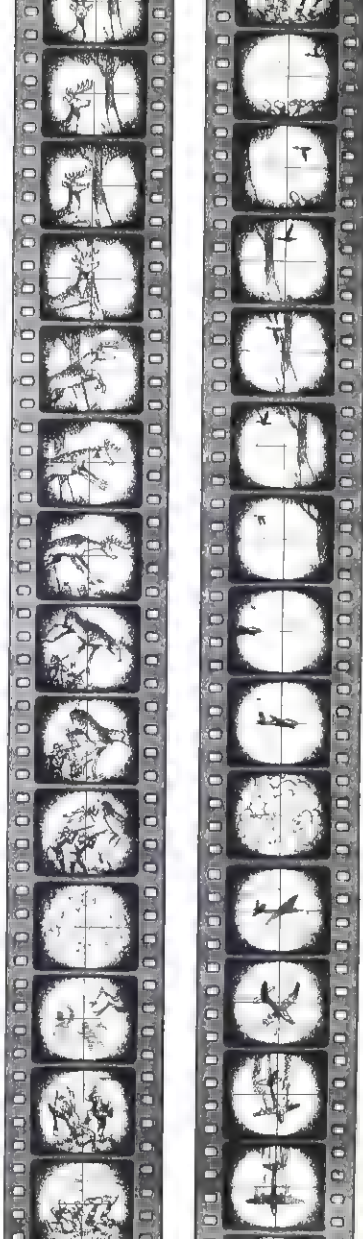
A READER CANNOT experience the real thrill of hunting unless he gets a real gun's *eye view* of it. That's why we mounted a movie camera onto a gun and hired a seasoned woodsman to carry out this assignment. Our sports editor, however, had other ideas. His motto is, "If you want something done well, do it yourself!" And so he did. After five weeks in the woods, he returned with 7,098 feet of film strapped to his jeep's fenders. At right is best example of the shooting he did.



*Our sports editor ran equipment himself to insure good results.*



*This was on 6,733 feet of film before he turned camera around.*



## HOW TO READ AN ANNUAL REPORT

With an increasing number of Americans purchasing stocks, many people are being exposed to unfamiliar business jargon and phraseology. We present for their benefit, this guide to corporate reading, designed to help stockholders better understand their companies and contribute to their pride of ownership in American business.

### IT MEANS,

Earnings are down

"There have been  
several lay-offs

The stock will drop  
several points.

Our corporation is  
way ahead of us

Our lobbyist was  
caught with his  
hand out

The directors are  
selling out

We've been offered the  
deadliest uranium mine

We may go out  
of business

### WHEN THE REPORT READS

As a temporary measure and in order to increase your company's working capital, it has been decided to reduce the dividend this year.

Further substantial reductions in operating expenses have been made in recent months despite the intensified nature of our sales and research activities.

In order for us to broaden our base of public ownership it has been decided to issue additional stock.

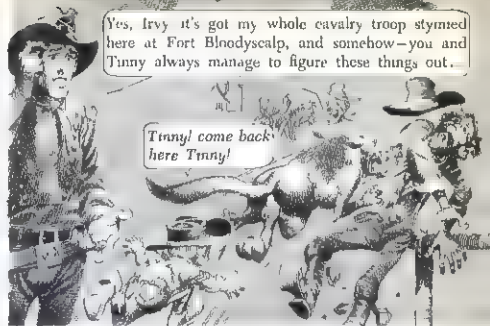
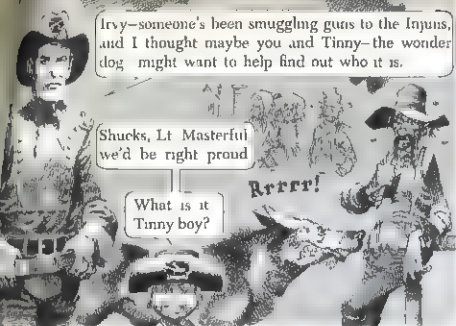
While it is true that synthetic discoveries may in the future affect our sales, our management feels that it is fully prepared and equipped to face these problems realistically and with confidence as to the outcome.

Although the backlog of orders is smaller than last year this decrease is reflected in the termination of our Government contract with which we feel will lessen our dependency on the whims of Congressional appropriations.

Since it is trading on the stock exchange your company has traded with the public market in its own common stock shares by a growing volume of trading.

Your company has undertaken a long range program to diversify its operations and broaden its resources.

Your management expects that 1957 will be a more competitive year than 1956 but looks forward with the expectation of satisfactory results and continued growth.



More to come on the next page, gang, following this tantalizing peek into a typical T.V. adventure of . . .

# TIN·RIN·RIN·TIN·RIN



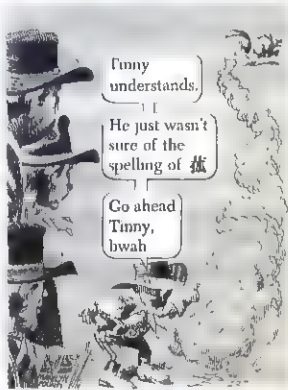
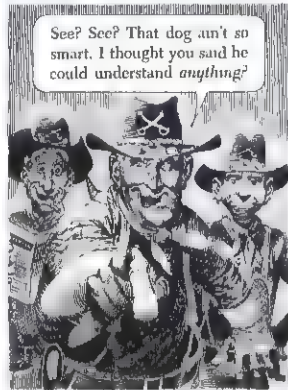
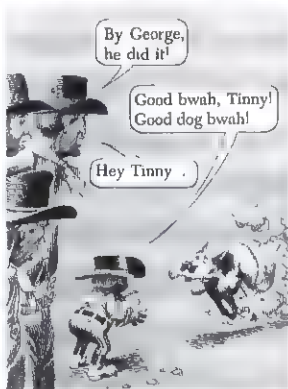
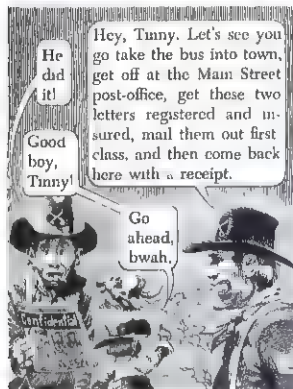
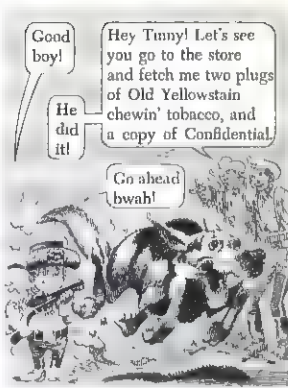
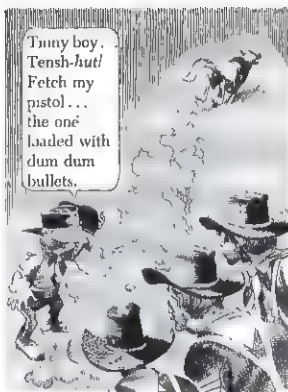
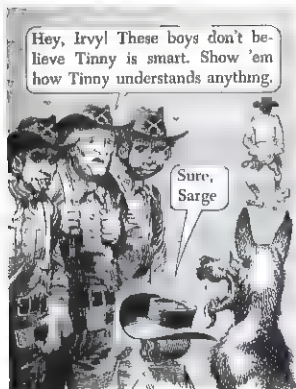
It has been said that after observing Rover, one finds it hard to deny the theory of evolution. Watching how smart these dogs are in movies and on TV, the evolution is very clear. Obviously, human beings have evolved into dogs, who are clearly a superior form of life. For what man can match the dog in being man's best friend, being able to sense the presence of supernatural forces, and being able to leap off the rock and grab

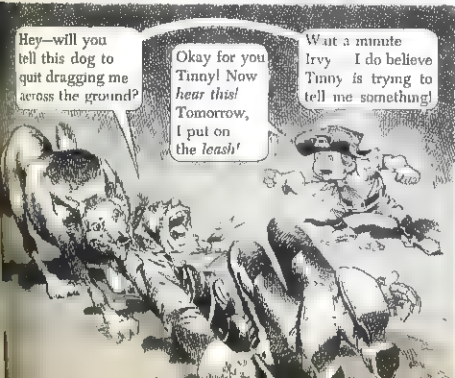
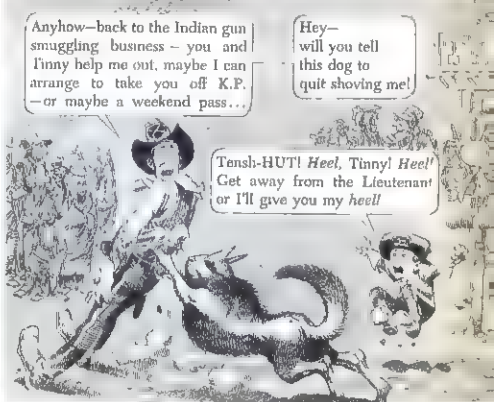
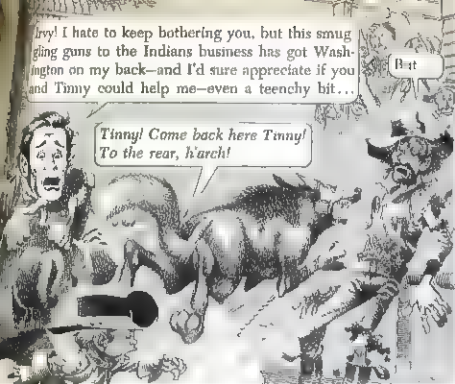


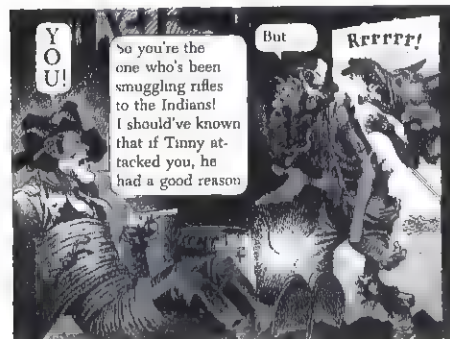
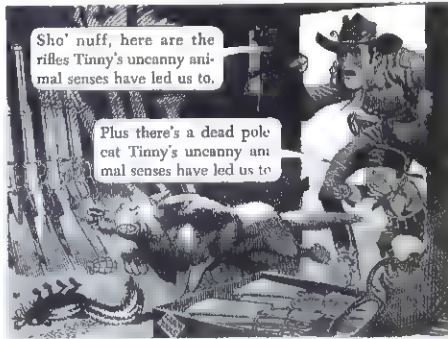
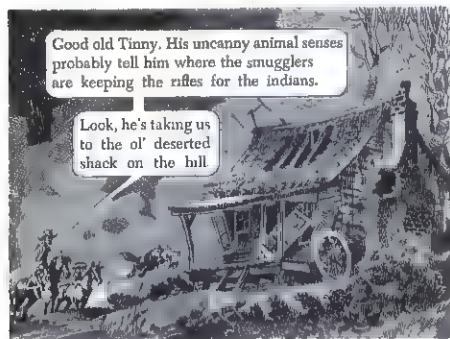
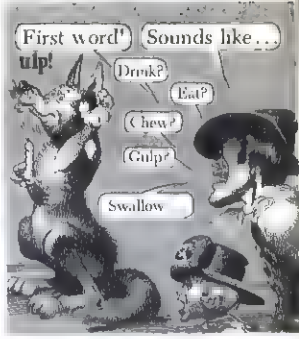
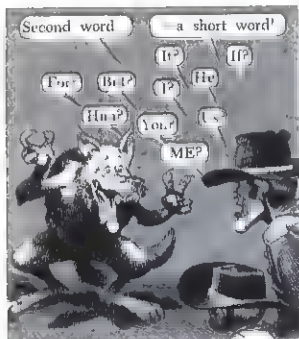
the crook's gun-hand—(when chosen for acting, if they leap off the rock and grab the crook's pant seat, they're fired). Hearts of viewers are being won by the dogs teamed with little kids. These dogs are creating an appreciation of nature's creatures . . . an appreciation of the meaning of loyalty . . . and mainly, an appreciation of cereal. One such dog is TIN·RIN·RIN·TIN·RIN, who is seen on television as follows.



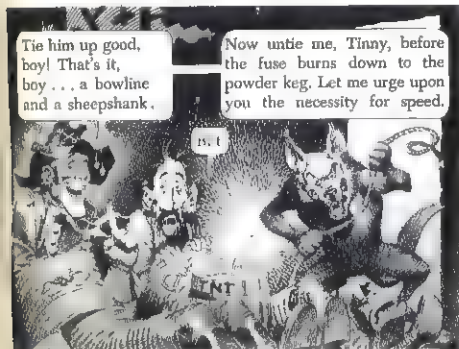
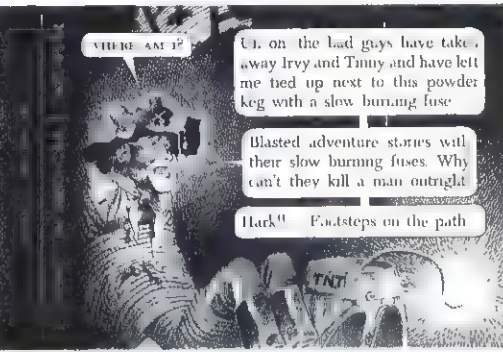
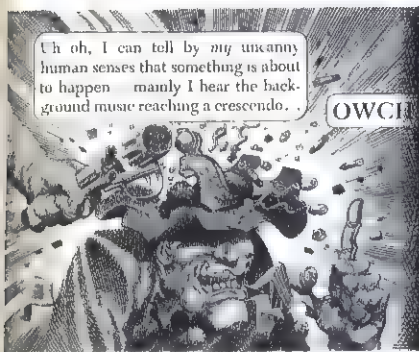


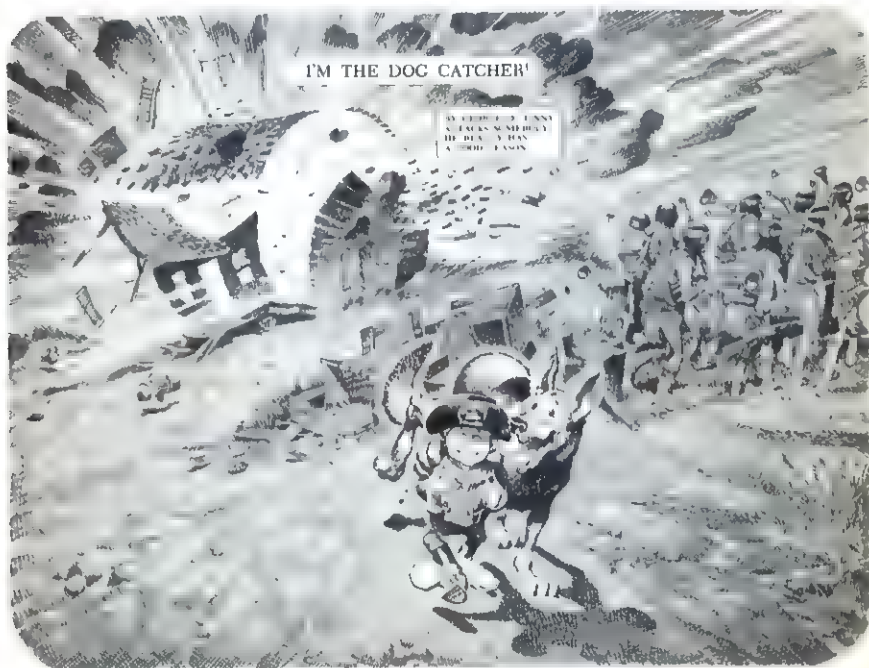
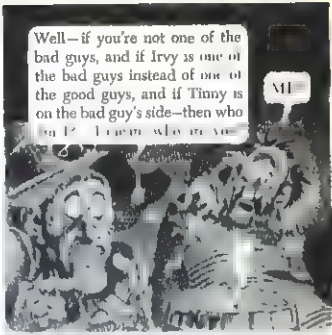
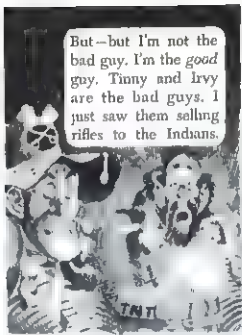












And so, *TIN-TIN-RIN-TIN-RIN-TIN* and Irvy end another adventure. We recommend you watch these shows about boys and dogs, whether it be about Tinny, Lassiedog or Mugs—there is much

to learn from contemplating the simple bond between a boy and his dog . . . that silent force that ties two creatures and two hearts together—yes— you guessed it . . . the leash! . . . . . **END**

My school has long been a supporter of MAD, and they didn't appreciate Humberg. Then an assortment of magazines, calling themselves humorous, came out. They were, namely: FRENZY, CRACKED and THINK. Many of the students grabbed for these and thought them very funny, but I stayed in there plugging for HUMBBUG. I questioned my friends night and day about this subject and all I got was an assorted list of favorites, in order. Of course, all of them had MAD at the top, followed by those others. They just don't seem to appreciate your humor. Through my efforts, however, I have persuaded kids to buy the pocket-book of HUMBBUG and they all liked it. I think that if I keep it up, HUMBBUG's circulation may increase. Actually though, you of Humberg shouldn't feel bad, because most of the students I asked told me that HUMBBUG has too much reading matter and not enough comics.

— John Emelin  
Larchmont, N. Y.

I have only one thing to say for your mag (?): "It makes me even MADder than ever for your competitor's magazine."

— Ron Scheibner  
APO, San Francisco

#### FISHER

How would you like it if somebody wrote you a letter like this. Your article crawled by E. Fifer was just as hard to read as this letter if.

— Martin Kohn  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

*threw open cabinet and theyre perch a young lady, verve faire and nelly dreg who seemed no whit discomposd by outraged expostulations, nor by the ord of her five dayes concealment in swy narrowe quarters. She is ycleped GWE NA HARDYNG, and is sole heiress of rich Sir ANDREW HARDYNG; she greene-eyed, redde-haired and verve fie tempered, messemeth the spoiled dard of an overindulgent parent. Despite cold reacyon toward her preface in, midst she wonne the hearts of all the cre that night by cooking them "the first goumele they ate since leaving Terra". I wo taste none of yi, howyver, which mayde Sulk most chrominolev*

Fifer article

#### MEDNICK

Two issues ago, in Humberg No. 9, you printed a fantastic letter from some clods at St. Josephs Prep who mainly wanted to start a Seymour Mednick Fan Club, and many people were interested enough to send a letter. We've gotten them from all over . . . from Renton, Washington to Brookfield, Mass . . . from Houston, Texas to Ann Arbor, Michigan . . .

We are printing bulletins, membership cards and pictures about Seymour, to be given to the newly acquired members of the club . . . — Richard Corliss

Pres Seymour Mednick Fan Club  
6910 Heyward Street  
Philadelphia 19, Pa.



Mednick Membership Card



Western Card

#### HAVE GUN WILL TRAVEL

We would like to compliment Humberg for the appearance of "Have Gun Will Travel" business cards. We are doing a thriving business . . .

— Richard Merchant  
Robert Wilkins  
Jamestown, N. Y.

I like your "Have Gun Will Travel" cards and 19 other boys would like more like this: "Have Zipgun Will Travel"

— Robert Zinner  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Your Useful Cut-Out Cards in your June issue (I think they were in your issue of Humberg. I know they were in



Freberg

mine) may have filled a profound need in the East, but out West here we use cards like the one enclosed . . .

I am happy to note that you feel the same way I do about my friend and neighbor Stan Freberg and his Good Works . . .

— Easy Sloman  
CBS TV  
Hollywood, Calif.

#### FREBERG

Stan Freberg has shown me the light. Right after I finish writing this letter I am going to go out and buy his new record!

— John Welsh  
Stratford, Conn.

Stan Freberg is a genius! Has everyone seen his ventriquist act on TV? Hooray for Stan Freberg. — ed.

#### DAVE GARROWAY

. . . Dave Garroway displayed Humberg, among other magazines read by teen-agers on this mornings program.

— Robert B. Immordino  
Trenton, N. J.

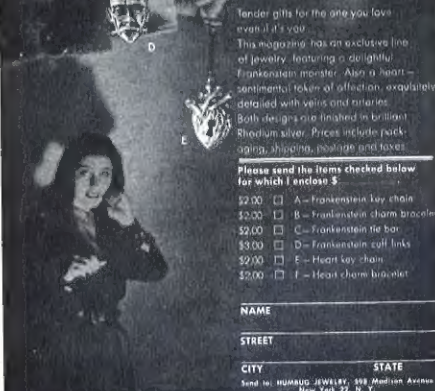
Indeed he did. This lovely fellow has been generously plugging our magazines for many years now and would that we could do as much for his show which is a favorite of ours and we hope yours; and needs no plugging. — ed.

#### WHO GETS KILLED

. . . your blundered in one of the "you know who" gets killed panels. In "A Quiet Night" on page 32, the woman



# gee dad - it's HUMBUG JEWELRY



tender gifts for the one you love even if it's you

This magazine has an exclusive line of jewelry featuring a delightful Frankenstein monster. Also a heart—sentimental token of affection, exquisitely detailed with veins and arteries. Both designs are finished in brilliant Rhodium silver. Prices include packing, shipping, insurance and taxes.

Please send the items checked below for which I enclose \$

\$2.00 ☐ A—Frankenstein key chain  
 \$2.00 ☐ B—Frankenstein charm bracelet  
 \$2.00 ☐ C—Frankenstein tie bar  
 \$3.00 ☐ D—Frankenstein cuff links  
 \$2.00 ☐ E—Heart key chain  
 \$2.00 ☐ F—Heart charm bracelet

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 STREET \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Send to: HUMBUG JEWELRY, 598 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.



## DOES YOUR HUMBUG COLLECTION LAY AROUND LOOSE?

We have bound back issues of the first 9 Humbugs into a hard-cover book which we are selling to you collectors for \$2.50. Send loot to HUMBUG Hard-Cover Book, 598 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

## THE HUMBUG DIGEST

This dandy little condensation of the best of Humberg past can be had for a pittance. 40c takes one away. Get them while they last — which might be forever — if you don't.



leaning on the rail of the "Titanic" says, "Father always promised me a luxurious trip to Europe — and at last we're going."

The "Titanic" was coming from Europe on her maiden voyage in 1912.

— Harvey Frajlich  
 Bronx, N. Y.



Going the Wrong Way

## OLE YALLER

... Your story on Ole Yaller was fantabulous! Larry Siegel is a real wit!

— George Thompson  
 New York, N. Y.

More Larry Siegel, OK?

— Bob Taylor  
 Royal Oak, Mich.

Enjoyed Ole Yaller very much. It presented a true picture of all those other cruddy dog stories. I think it was the best thing you've ever written. Try one on Lassie.

— Rin-Tin-Tin  
 Hollywood, Cal.

???

I am writing you this letter but I am sure that you are tired of reading all the letters you get. However if you don't read this letter, please write and let me know so I can send it to someone else.

— PFC John P. Lemley  
 Fort Ord, Calif.

Huh? — ed.

## GOES, OHIO

... We have noticed a slight reference to this fair section of the United States (namely Yellow Springs and vicinity). What we would like to know is how did you ever find out that Goes, Ohio (mentioned in issue No. 7) ever existed? Who on your staff was thrown out of this school?

— Bob Grand  
 Peter Summer  
 Johnny Chiazini  
 Vincent Bacon  
 Bo Tucker  
 Richard Wiley  
 Bernard D. Sheff  
 David Korow  
 David Clark  
 David Snyder  
 H. Buglin  
 Mike Feller  
 Antioch College  
 Yellow Spring, Ohio

Arnold Roth was thrown out. He didn't even belong there but his wife Caroline lived in Yellow Springs and whenever Arnold wandered into Antioch, he was thrown out. — ed.

## MORE FAUBUS

In response to your recent article concerning the very Honorable Governor Faubus, I have but one question to ask: Who are you? — Who are you to publish such cheap, rotten tripe...

You must have hit rock bottom for satirical material or you are filthy carpetbaggers... — Rebel Hoker  
 Raleigh, N. C.

The Grand Humberg Award couldn't have gone to a more deserving recipient.

Commander Faubus is unexcelled... Thank the Lord that we have such outspoken patriots like Faubus, the NAAWP and the Ku Klux Klan to defend us against the black enemy!

— David Paul Sexton  
 Mt. San Antonio College  
 California

Reference Humberger Dineen's letter in the June issue regarding Governor Orval Faubus of Arkansas.

Suggest Dineen be made the next Humberg Award Winner as the most "humoresqueless" humberger of the year...

— Sfs J. G. Von  
 Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

Humberg is undoubtedly one of the best mags of its type on the market, but... stop trying to make racial conflicts humorous... your "digs" at the South are quite unreasonable since, as Milan Dineen pointed out, the North is as bad if not worse... stop trying to make such a terrible situation funny.

— Hugh Redmon  
 Oklahoma City, Okla.

... Faubus with all of his missing apology, severely injured our foreign policy. He deserves all the lampooning you gave him...

— Robert S. Griswold  
 N. Y. C.

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— Dennis Baron  
 Forest Hills, N. Y.

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— Mike Britz  
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